Hell. That he haue his, call vp ſome gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordſhip call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth wold come aboard, I pray greete them fairely.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, reſolue you.

Lyſ. Haile reuerent ſir, the Gods preſerue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lyſ. You wiſh me well; being on ſhore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your place?

Lyſ. I am the Gouernor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our veſſel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not ſpoken to any one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lyſ. Vpon what ground is this diſtemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe ſprings from the loſſe of a beloued daughter, and a wife.

Lyſ. May we not ſee him?

Hell. You may, but bootleſſe is your ſight, he will not ſpeake to any.

Lyſ. Let me obtaine my wiſh.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly perſon, till the diſaſter that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lyſ. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preſerue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not ſpeake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words of him.

Lyſ. Tis well bethought, ſhe queſtionleſſe with her ſweete harmony, and other choſen attractions, would allure & make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way ſtopt,

ſtopt, ſhe is all happy, as the faireſt of all, and her fell
now vpon the leuie ſhelter that abutts againſt the If
Hell. Sure all effectleſſe, yet nothing wee'l omit
recoueries name. But ſince your kindneſſe we haue ſt
farre, let vs beſeech you, that for our gold we may ha
on, wherein wee are not deſtitute for want, but we
ſtaleneſſe.

Lyſ. O ſir, a courteſie, which if we ſhould deny, t
God for euery graffe would ſend a Caterpiller, an
our Prouince: yet once more let mee entreate to kn
the cauſe of your Kings ſorrow.

Hell. Sit ſir, I will recount it to you; but ſee, I am

Enter Marina.

Lyſ. O heere's the Lady that I ſent for.
Welcome faire one: Iſt not a goodly preſent?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lyſ. Shee's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſurde,
Came of a gentle kinde and noble ſtocke,
Ioe wiſh no better choiſe, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire & all goodneſſe that conſiſts in beauty,
Expect euen heere, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy properous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to anſwer thee in ought,
Thy ſacred Phyſicke ſhall receiue ſuch pay,
As thy deſires can wiſh.

Mar. Sir, I will vſe my vttermoſt skill in his recou
ded, that none but I and my companion maide bee
come neere him.

Lyſ. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make
rous. *The Song.*

Lyſ. Markt he your muſicke?

Mar. No, nor lookt on vs.

Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeake to him.

Mar. Haile ſir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before inuit
haue beene gazed on like a Comet: ſhee ſpeakes my